

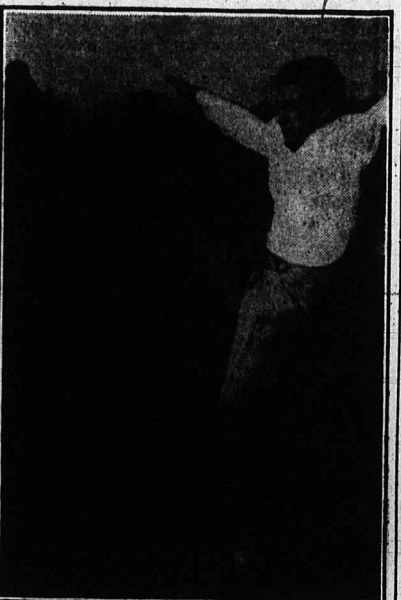
C. L. S. PRESENTS "PAIR OF SIXES" NOV. 23

Cardinals Climb To Third Place In Indiana Conference

Scharf Ranks All-State. Badke and Jones Receive Honorable Mention

Team Ends Best Season In School's History

The 1937 Indiana Football Conference has come to a close. As the season developed, surprises developed apace, and chief among these was the climb high into the first division which the St. Joseph's Cardinals made enroute. Rated by sports writers as the underdogs previous to four of their conference games, they lost only the first of these, a tilt with Valparaiso. When the final statistics had been tabulated these same sports writers found mastiffs who had fought their way to third place. Only Butler, winner for the fourth consecutive time, and DePauw, runnerup to the bulldog machine for the championship title, rank higher than the Cardinal warriors, who in their conference games totaled 106 points against their opponents' 39. In two non-conference games they were defeated by Louisville 13 - 6, and they tied Elmhurst 13 - 13, making in all a score of 135 while all their competitors gathered but 65.



RICHARD SCHARF
That veteran football official and sports writer, Dick Miller, placed Scharf, the Cardinals' lithe halfback, on the All-State roster of Indiana's second team. His name, with that of Bernard Badke, back, and Fred Jones, tackle, to whom Miller gave honorable mention, will appear in A. G. Spalding's 1938 Official Football Rule Book and Guide. Deserving honors these. We who have seen these men in the game know that they could take their place on any football eleven in the country. Jones' alertness and Badke's tremendous blocking checked many an enemy threat throughout the season. Scharf weighs only 142 pounds. But that number of nimble pounds is controlled by a mind as agile as his body. It was Dick Scharf that the opponents were constantly attempting to stop. Some had mediocre success; others, none. Four times in his last game he was between one man and a score before he was brought down. In this and all other games when bruising linemen finally smashed him with vicious tackles, he rebounded like a rubber ball, was on his feet, laughing, and ready to continue. His five touchdowns in the Rose Poly and Central Normal games place him fifth in conference-games scoring.

Scharf was a strategist. Seldom did he call an impractical play. Frequently his attacks were shrewd surprises which caught the opponents off their guard. That first play against Manchester is only one example; it found the Spartans unawares and resulted in the touchdown which won the game. That and the

Father Roof Plans Score Board Program

President Ernst Of Alumni Association Invited To Attend.

Definite plans are now arranged for dedicating the new score board in the basketball gymnasium, Saturday evening, Nov. 11. Mr. Edward Ernst of Ft. Wayne, President of the Alumni Association, has been invited to preside at the ceremony. He is expected to bring his little son to pull the cord when the unveiling takes place.

First there will be a game - a real game between the high school quintet, and Huntington High. When it is over a twenty-minute program will follow. The band is preparing appropriate numbers; the glee club, under Father Diller's direction, songs for the occasion. Some spectacular formations on the basketball floor will be part of the gala affair which no one within driving distance will want to miss. Concordia College of Ft. Wayne will meet the Cardinals in the first home game of the season after the unveiling takes place.

Lights Out

"And the barber kept on shaving." Or if he wasn't shaving at the time, or cutting hair, or selling one of those accessories that range from shoe strings to Life Buoy and Lucky Strikes, the half of Collegeville who were in the Gymnasium Building at eight o'clock Monday evening, November 15, found themselves in utter darkness both within and without.

Students in their rooms groaning over problems in chemistry groaned more gutturally; ping-pong artists stopped agape in the middle of a return; the cast, practicing on the stage, forgot their cues; only the glee club continued to emit musical noises through the gloom.

An additional amount of current necessary for the footlights and border lights used by the dramatists in rehearsal had overloaded the 250 ampere circuit leading from the power-plant to the building and caused a fuse to blow out, the engineer explained, dispelling all darkness.

fact that Dick never attempted to play to the stands is why the team was always with him to a man, fighting courageously, valiantly. Dick was always cool, deliberate, encouraging.

And so, as the almost gloriously successful 1937 football season closes at St. Joseph's, we are proud of you, Dick, and we take this manner of showing our appreciation. That we shall miss you, next year there is no doubt, but we would not attempt to keep you if we could, because we know that you will go on to new conquests in bigger fields. You have played the game like a true sportsman, not for yourself but for your school; your application has constantly been comparable to your sportsmanship; and your character will keep you a man of whom we may always be justly proud. Congratulations, and God bless you.

Father Ralph, Guest Of D. M. U.

Encourages Mission Work Among Students

Acting as host to the Rev. Father Ralph, S. V. D., missionary to China and procurator of the Catholic University of Peiping, the Dwenger Mission Unit received in return a very instructive lecture, on conditions in China at the present time. Especially did the learned speaker stress the needs of the missions there and urge that we in America do whatever we can to supply those needs.

One very enlightening fact that Father Ralph disclosed was that China has recently introduced compulsory education. This calls for approximately twenty-two thousand more teachers, who are being recruited wherever they can be obtained. In the work of helping to prepare these teachers the Catholic University of Peiping has a problem and an opportunity—a problem in financing their education; an opportunity in sending out into the field of education teachers who are well-informed in the Faith and strong to combat the heathen worship so prevalent. Surely this should stimulate the zeal of every true Catholic in America to help the worthy undertaking.

Passing from the missions to the financial conditions, Father Ralph assured his audience that we in America have no depression compared to what exists in China. There in some portions of the interior some of the natives have nothing to eat but grass and the roots of trees. With such starvation on all sides, Communism is a natural result.

Father Ralph complimented the Dwengerites on the mission spirit evident among them. Incidentally, he was one of the organizers of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade when it sprang into existence a generation or so ago.

PROFESSOR INJURES FOOT

When on the Tuesday afternoon before Thanksgiving Father Sylvester Hartman began his customary walk to town he did not anticipate that he would now be the object of our sympathy. A car pulling out the driveway at the same time, stopped beside Father, who preferring to miss part of his exercise rather than fail in appreciation for a favor offered, opened the rear door preparatory to accepting the ride. A large chunk of coal which the driver was hauling rolled out, smashing Father's great toe and bruising the top of his foot seriously. He is still confined to his room, but he threatens to conduct his classes, traveling to and from them on crutches within a day or two.

DID YOU SAY MUD?

What! You don't believe Maxwell Field was muddy? Just ask the boys who cleaned the suits after every dry cleaning company in the surrounding territory declined to do so under any circumstances. Who could blame them after taking one glance at that layer of Kentucky clay? Why, "Butch" Jones' pants were so stiff that they had to be rubbed down with liniment after they were cleaned. All in all the managers did a good job of making the suits look just about as good as new for the Oakland City game.

Incidentally Simms and Cody refuse to admit any relation between Maxwell Field and Kentucky highways.

HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN WINS SUBSCRIPTION

Writes Unsolicited Story

Earl Weis, high school freshman, wins a subscription to STUFF for writing the first unsolicited story. As was announced in the first issue of the paper, it is not a college, but a high school and college publication. To encourage the younger boys to contribute, this prize was announced. The story "My First Auto Ride," appears on page two.

FORTY HOURS HELD NOV. 26-28

During the Thanksgiving recess Community students who remained on the campus spent many hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. That beautiful devotion, the Forty Hours, opened Friday morning and continued until Sunday morning after Solemn High Mass. There were no sermons; just silent prayer and meditation, the boys taking turns in groups from five in the morning until eight-thirty in the evening. Besides the Solemn High Mass each morning there were no public devotions except Solemn Vespers on Friday afternoon and the Eucharistic Way of the Cross on Saturday afternoon.

Albertus Magnus Science Society Captures Campus

The Rev. Albert Wuest, C. PP. S., Moderator

Cooperation and interest are the watchwords of the Albertus Magnus Society, more familiarly known as the Science Club, which has been organized by the Rev. Albert Wuest, director of the chemistry department. At least two meetings were held before Nov. 15, to elect officers and draw up a constitution. Full fledged the organization swung into action on this date.

Father Wuest spoke, unfolding facts in the life of Albertus Magnus, the famous seventeenth-century scientist who has been chosen as patron of the society. Frank Kosinski gave an informal address apropos to the work the club is endeavoring to do. Henry Ferguson demonstrated a successful scientific experiment.

To expand appreciation for all of the natural sciences is the primary purpose of the group. Undoubtedly we shall have many items on their activities to relate in the future.

Commuters To Get New Sidewalk

Like a long arm stretched out to embrace them a new sidewalk is being laid for the upper classmen and professors in Drexel Hall. The ground was surveyed, the material was on hand, and part of the work was finished when the severe cold and heavy snow of Thanksgiving week prevented further progress temporarily. P. Schumacher & Sons, the contractors who are doing the work, have a large crew of men available to rush activities on all days that the weather permits. Mr. Paul Schumacher stated that only a very few days would be needed for the actual pouring of the concrete.

When the walk is completed another convenience will be added to all the others possessed by the occupants of Drexel Hall. No longer will they have to slough through soft cinders on rainy days. Perhaps, this is a suggestion, some of the seniors will not consider it too undignified to try roller skating.

Scientists Hear Recorded Lecture

A. Lawren Brown Offers Economic Solution

When a man—lecturer, author, educator—internationally known and internationally famous, is unable to travel to all the places where he is demanded, science comes to his aid. A colleague may carry his voice, boxed up in a small projecting machine, to any point on the compass. That Mr. Calef, District Manager of the Investors Syndicate did, Nov. 16, when he brought the message of A. Lawren Brown, Educational Director of this same company, to the science students and all those who were interested in hearing this practical illustrated discussion.

"The Blind Spot of Science" is the title of the address; financial education in relation to depression, its theme. Mr. Brown attempts to give a recipe for tiding people over periods of depression. His slogan, "Work, Save, and Have," may not be a panacea, and some of those who attended the lecture may have left without being fully convinced, but his effort and that of the Investors Syndicate to teach the young habits of thrift and of saving will certainly do something to better the financial position of the next generation in dull periods. Granted that they profit by this instruction, their complete protection will be effected only if they receive a living wage which will enable them to lay aside the first ten per cent of their earnings and still have enough for necessities and the legitimate recreation to which all are entitled. To say the least, the lecture is a sensible gesture.

Maybe He Did

Being the first to do something hasn't lost its glamor since Eve ate the apple. Unless it's the first to get up in the morning. "I saw it first," two boys contend over a nickel lying on the sidewalk. "I got there first," the subdebutant smiles, conscious of her attractiveness.

But what is that compared to being the first to move into Drexel Hall. And when it comes to being the first to receive a letter addressed to that hall, there simply isn't any possible comparison. That distinction goes to the senior, Paul Weaver.

We don't know who wrote to him. We wonder whether he (or she) was conscious of the spotlight into which Paul would walk when he received that little messenger of the mail. We warn you—Weave is a business man; he will be auctioning off the stamp to the highest bidder one of these days. And when he does, you philatelists, it will be worth any price he places on it.

But, maybe he wrote the letter to himself. At any rate we have a right to this opinion until he produces a handwriting expert who can prove the contrary.

THE LAST ROUNDUP

On the first Wednesday afternoon after hunting season opens the high school students customarily become bushwhackers in the groves and woods near the campus. They did again this year - a young army of Confederates seceding from books and classes for a few hours. Not very successful in their combined efforts (they bagged only seven cottontails as against more than twenty last year), there were conflicting explanations of the smallness of the catch. Whether their interpretation or that of the professor who carried the firing rod is the more correct, or whether game is not so plentiful this year, we leave to your decision.

Cast Trained By Father Koch Make Hilarious Hit

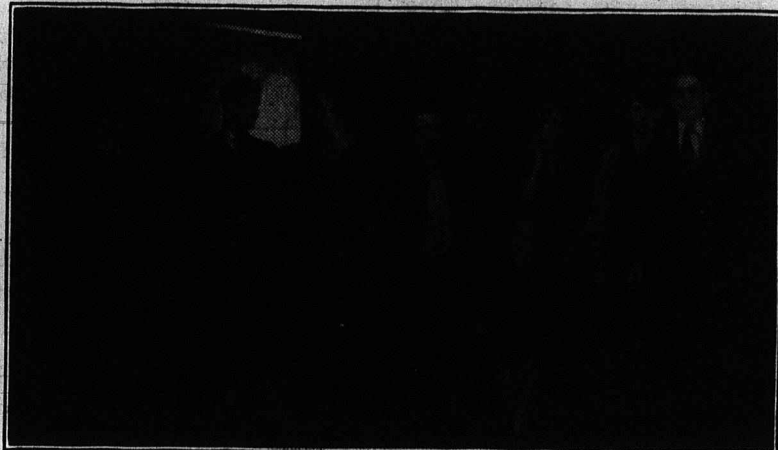
Scenery Made For Play Gives Added Quality To Presentation

Professor Tonner and His Orchestra Entertain

Before and between the acts of the Thanksgiving play Professor Tonner directed the college orchestra through four selections that were the delight of all music lovers. Suppe's Overture: "Pique Dame," played as a prelude after the audience had gathered, gave them something to genuinely and silently appreciate and was in itself worth the price of admission. Even so,

Crowd Of Townsfolk Cram Auditorium

Father Koch and the Columbian Literary Society proved that Edward Peple's "A Pair of Sixes" does not grow stale no matter how often it is seen when it is correctly interpreted and staged as it was Tuesday, November 23, by a group of actors whom Father Koch selected and drilled during the weeks preceding Thanksgiving. The audience - faculty, students, and a large number of people from Rens-



Grieg's "Morgenstimmung" from Peer Gynt Suite and Kreiser's "Schoen Rosmarin" were still better received, the former being first choice and the latter second in the minds of those skilled at evaluating quality. Boccherini's "Celebrated Minuet" was the last number played.

In an interview Father Camillus Lutkemeier said: "The amateur orchestras of today are at a disadvantage. When a turn of the radio dial brings the foremost orchestras of our time whose members are all artists playing on priceless instruments, the youthful musicians with their second-rate violins and so forth have a hard time getting an appreciative audience. Professor Tonner deserves much credit for the patience which must have been necessary for the gratifying results of Nov. 23."

QUARTERLY TO APPEAR DEC. 1

Measure, St. Joseph's new quarterly publication, will make its debut at approximately the same time as this issue of STUFF comes from the press. As the latter is taking care of all campus activities and alumni news, Measure will be devoted to the more literary type of work. It will include writings on Catholic Action, Religion, Biography, the Sciences—Social and Practical, the Fine Arts, and Philosophy, besides the strictly literary productions. In the latter as much creative writing as possible will be sought.

One of the most interesting activities of the editorial staff of Measure is a study which is being made of literary journals published in Catholic colleges throughout the country. It is hoped that this project will help to improve Catholic literature. In scope the study covers content, format, departments, and various peculiarities of such publications.

As a general editorial policy Measure sets itself to publish articles which are not a sheer repetition of existing secondary material but which present to a modest degree some evidence of scholarship on the college level.

selaer and the neighboring towns filled the auditorium to capacity and laughed until they almost rolled out into the aisles. For the play is a comedy - a real farce-comedy, full of ludicrous situations and pointed repartee. The scenery, all of which was made special for the staging of this drama, gave a touch of finality to the production and added much to the enjoyment of the audience. The offices of the Eureka Digestive Pill Company of New York City were an exact reproduction of what we might presume those offices should be; the home of Mr. Nettleton, senior partner of the pill magnates, was a palatial residence of the kind one sees along Riverside Drive. Especially did the ceiling assist all to catch every word of the amateur actors who played their parts like professionals, without a lagging moment even when something went wrong.

For weeks Father Koch, with two or three other members of the faculty and the stage hands, worked daily designing and manufacturing the scenery. Every evening he spent hours with the cast, toiling patiently, self-sacrificingly, until, when production day dawned, the scenery was ready and the players competent to satisfy. At eight P.M., when the lights in the great auditorium dimmed and the rich damask curtains parted, he could stand in the wings, confident that the play would be well received.

There is nothing particularly striking about "A Pair of Sixes". No special, sinister intrigue; no involved plot. George B. Nettleton, the "bone and muscle," manufactures a pill; he takes into partnership with him T. Boggs Johns, the "blood and brains" who makes the public "swallow the pill." The two, unable to get along, call their lawyer to dissolve partnership. He decides that a hand of poker shall make the loser house servant to the winner for one year. They agree, and Nettleton wins. Conditions are no more amicable in the home of Nettleton than they were in the office. He domineers; Boggs chafes under his chagrin. Chafes until his fiancée, Miss Florence Cole, shows him how to relieve himself of the humiliating situation. Naturally,

(Continued on Page 2)

STUFF

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WHY?

The last two issues of STUFF revealed, in concrete terms, the actual interest of the alumni in our publication. Some three hundred copies were sent gratis to former students who we were optimistic enough to believe would "come to the aid of their party." Unfortunately, our optimism must have been ungrounded, for out of all this came but two subscriptions. Such is our status! Why, we ask. Can we argue reasonably that it should be different? Let us see.

From the standpoint of gratitude every alumnus is indebted to his Alma Mater. At least in charity he has an obligation toward the school. He must be thankful for a training in character. The molding of a fine Catholic education should still be upon him. His intellect and will must choose and hold the things of this world according to a true sense of values. A body of intellectual content is his, knowledge that is now serving him in good stead. For all this, thanks to St. Joe. Again, a training in the appreciation of all that is best in culture and tradition is his. For this also he must, to some degree, be grateful to his Alma Mater. A careful training in accuracy and regard for scientific truth is also his. This too comes from the school.

So much for gratitude, which in itself should be sufficient to make the alumni more than passively interested in student activities be they athletic or academic. But yet another motive remains. If a person once sincerely cheered for the progress of St. Joe, and nothing has occurred to make him lose that faith, he should consistently continue to help his school in every possible way. He should wish to see academic progress as well as athletic advancement. He should desire more and better publicity for the college of which he is so proud. He should pray and work to see every department improve — including the literary activities on the campus.

Now, what to do! It's all very simple. Three important "Don't's" and one all-important "Do." We say: Don't be merely enthusiastic about STUFF. Don't just show it to the wife and point to it with pride for junior's adoring gaze. Don't only chat about it warmly with other alumni. But, and here is the meat of the matter, sit down right now—one check—one envelope—one stamp—one stroll to the mail box; and so to us—for STUFF—thus—our alumnus—good nuff!

THE CHURCH IN SPAIN

To the unrhythmic beat of bursting grenades and charging bullets, a most atrocious murder festival is saturating Spanish soil with the blood of innocent victims.

Civil War in Spain! Those exploited by the Catholic Church have risen up against it; it is the abominable conclusion that would-be authorities come to, content to accuse the Church of owning one-third of Spain's national wealth. Perhaps one-half would sound too fantastic, and the "sound" part is important.

Can they be so pitifully ignorant of the fact that in 1835 Mendizabal not only deprived the Catholic Church of all its possessions but sold its property to pay the stipends of the clergy—a government tax one might call it? All this property was then resold cheaply, and many a Catholic man shared in the loot. We don't deny that there were rich Catholic landowners who exploited the human rights of their laborers, just as we don't deny the existence of sweat shops in our metropolises and the misery of some share renters in the South. But we do contend that the Church, its priests and nuns, should not be crucified for the failings of human beings who know the Faith of Jesus Christ

but do not practice the charity and justice for which it stands. Granting that since 1835 many Catholics have left money to the Church, on the whole, before the civil war broke out, the clergy were poor, convents suffered from lack of provisions, and churches were going to ruin because there was no money for repairs. The truth of this statement is substantiated by an article written by Mr. H. L. Friend for the Tablet (London).

Despite the truth, despite the authority behind the truth, there are those who continue to picture the Church as the fabulously wealthy tyrant who literally enslaves the Spanish people. An honest, godfearing people, who ask only security for their families, have been swayed by false propaganda, and thoroughly enraged follow those godless leaders in the bloodiest massacre of the Catholic Church that the world has ever seen. From the pen of Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. comes this description: "I saw nuns shackled to one another's ankles being dragged by lively mules through cobblestone streets, the whole tops of their heads ablaze. I was told that they had been dipped in kerosene and touched off with long white church tapers."

To the hopelessly ignorant man who says, "Really the Church must have behaved very badly in Spain to provoke all this hatred," we are pleased to quote Arnold Lunn in answer: "Yes, if only the Church had behaved nicely, the Devil might have been content to spit thoughtfully as he passed a priest instead of crucifying him!" Christ Himself said: "The world cannot hate you; but it hateth because I give testimony of it that the works thereof are evil." Short lived was the Devil's glory in Christ's passion and death, for the Resurrection day came.

(Continued From Page One)

Mrs. Nettleton has more than the common two cents worth to contribute to the progress of events, and equally naturally, Miss Florence is the one and only person who can and does bring these events to a climax in which her betrothed comes out somewhat ahead in the transaction. Nettleton is satisfied and the lawyer, who wanted all along to win her hand, is left much in need of one of the company's pills.

But the play is genuine comedy. There isn't a dead line in it. And all are woven into a texture, so compact and concise that the relation of cause and effect in the action and progress of the story is apparent to the most immature members of the audience. The opportunities for byplay are abundant precisely because the minor characters are necessary elements of the structure of the plot.



From John Dunn, a shipping clerk, who appeared only once in the opening scene, to Joseph Sculli and Albert Latendresse, the business partners, who are on the stage almost all of the time, the cast deserves real praise. The parts of the leading actors were not easy. To simulate anger, suspicion, jealousy when the audience roars with laughter requires self-control. Acting of the quality of these two partners is an art.

John Bannon as Mrs. Nettleton impersonated delightfully the wife too fond of herself and too insistent on having the attentions of her husband. Especially in the sob scenes a hysterical woman might have taken a lesson in methods of wheedling from her husband any favor, confession, or whatever else she might at the moment want.

A real surprise was Edward Wendeln as the English maid Coddles. Trouser consciousness is Coddles' weakness, and this the young actor caught and conveyed to the audience to their delight and his credit. The other actors playing feminine roles were far from mediocre. Douglas Beach as Florence did not reach perfect poise but made a beautiful appearance and carried the part well; George Charek as Sally Parker, the stenographer, furnished much of the byplay of the first act.

WITH OUR ALUMNI

Now that's better! Maybe the fault was in ourselves; we didn't coax enough. At any rate, that little "Do you know what" column inserted in the last issue has apparently discovered some voices. Not a chorus yet by any means, but enough to make this message to and of our alumni a bit more newsy. And sure enough, some of our subscribers to the Collegian of last year have signified substantially that they mean to remain on the list. Will the others who are receiving STUFF and who received its announcement and that of the quarterly soon now to append send in their subscription at once? It will save us time and money, neither of which is any too plentiful in this buzzing editorial office. We like to write letters, but we dislike to send bills. Remember, \$1.00 for STUFF; \$2.00 for the quarterly. A combination offer of \$2.50 for both. And we can assure you now, because we watched the editors of that literary journal at work, that it is going to be worth your reading. But enough of this. Read the rest of the column.

Down in Deerfield, Kansas, the Rev. George Spaeth, C.P.S., and his Mexican parishioners are displaying some striking ingenuity. Rather George obtained a plot of ground from a sugar company and two passenger railroad cars from the Santa Fe Railroad. He and his men have transformed these two coaches into a mission chapel. The building, 24 x 74 feet, will easily accommodate 150 persons.

Father Theodore Koenn is enjoying his parish work at Butternut, Wisconsin. The climate there suits him fine. Who doesn't wish him success!

Here is something. On Saturday, Nov. 20, Bernard Sutton, 35, was married to Dorothy Seefeld at the Shrine of the Little Flower. About a year ago Bernard made a pilgrimage to the shrine (not to take Father Coughlin's place) and was rewarded in this unexpected and singular manner. On that occasion he met one of the Rev. radio orator's secretaries, and . . . you know how the rest goes. He has our best wishes for happiness.

Nightly Gene Krupa, 25, of Chicago, beats the drums for Benny Goodman's band in the Manhattan Room of New York's Hotel Pennsylvania. Acclaimed one of the country's best drummers, Gene does beat the living daylights out of all jazz tunes. See him pictured in Life, Nov. 1.

Father Roof comments highly on the spirit shown by the alumni who were present at the Elmhurst game. Among others he mentions Gordon Hagstrom, "Mac" McCoy, John Kallal, Joe LaMere, and Father Scharf as loud rooters whose enthusiasm kept the Cards' fighting spirit pitched to its highest.

Mr. Dewey Curby, 17 paid one of his too-rare surprise visits Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22. Thirty miles directly west at Beaverville, Illinois, he is a Ford automobile salesman. The conversation lingered on those good old days when Dewey was a clown at the Turner exhibitions. He probably never was small; at any rate back in '16 and '17 his better than two hundred pounds were impressive. Locked up in a clown suit, they cut a ludicrous figure hobbyhorsing across the stage on the back of a beauty three times even his bulk. Dewey thinks he is growing old, but even the loss of those teeth, cleverly concealed by a little mustache, didn't make us think so. His brother Lloyd, 14, was made President of the London Character Shoes Corporation of Whitman, Mass., last August.

"Regards to yourself and my other friends of St. Joe," writes Father A. Tompkins from St. Anthony Rectory, Utica, Ky.

Your letter from Mount Saint Mary of the West, "Eddie," has gone the round of the boys. As long as a copy of the paper comes to the library, all right. A couple of years from now we will count you as a regular. Thanks for all the news and the encouragement. "Eddie," by the way, all you regular fellows who might not know, is Edward I. Hession of Lafayette.

Last but not least—all the way from the Canal Zone—Gomar De Cocher, Co. 14, U. S. Infantry, writes a three-page letter with an enclosure. Your suggestion is a point for consideration, big fellow, and your

statement that the first place you will visit after your return to the States will be St. Joe is answered in one word—Welcome!

Not only the younger alumni read STUFF. Father Paul Welsh, '03, writes from his parish, St. Charles, Peru, Indiana, "Our new visitor is very interesting. Keeps us in touch with you." That's because you are so young yet, Father.

College Keyhole Column

Bob Whelan has the bad habit of writing his thoughts on paper the other day in a German class he wrote the following words: . . . they were supposed to have been taken from an article written in the New York Times, September 15, 1947 . . .

"Dr. Robert E. Whelan, famous . . . surgeon and his beautiful bride will leave the country for a world tour which will last for six months. They will be entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at their palace in France. Mrs. Robert E. Whelan is the former Miss . . . daughter of Mr. and Mrs. . . . The country will miss their presence." Thanks, Barney.

Has anyone seen Jay Eder on the basketball floor lately . . . he looks swell in that new biffed age that he wears over his head . . .

Paul Hayden was stood up last Sunday by a R. H. S. girl . . . he did make some money on the deal, however . . . he bet La Grange that the girl was more than twelve years old . . . he won . . . she was thirteen and a freshman in High School . . .

Duax thinks that all of the girls in Rensselaer are wild over him . . . Kolum has no proof, but some of its contributors say that he is wrong . . .

Bob Kaple, better known as "Stinky," and his room mate did not stuff the chair that they had in their room . . . they tell me that he turned chicken . . . (odds of four to one say that you can't tell me where that dope came from, Stinky.)

If anyone with poor eyesight goes hunting and sees a raccoon on the ground, shoot . . . it might be McMurdo . . .

The following theme songs have been suggested for the following persons:

Jones—The Big Apple
Tippman—Me, Myself, and I
Nemetz, Enz, Boul—Three Blind Mice

Dine—I've Got You Under My Skin

Rateman, J.—Afraid to Dream

The Pro team lost one of its star players the other day . . . "Mouse" Tippmann . . . he broke training when he read a book which had a bit too much literary work in it . . .

From the Sioux Falls Stylus . . . "the average man who lives to be 70 spends 23 years of his life asleep" . . . that makes a few of the fellows out of the ordinary . . .

Barney Badke also writes his thoughts on paper . . . his date will be June 18, 1939 . . . the place, Little Flower Church . . . Thanks, Whelan.

Due to Father Nieset's accurate eye in dividing fluids in test tubes, John Dunn has invited him to come to the table to cut the pie.

Kolum wonders if Chuck can get the name of that dog changed as it is not a very good name—really, "Youngster," Beelzebub Polyphemus is a terrible thing to call even a dog.

Johnnie Keeley says that he got that black eye of his in an accident . . . just what kind of an accident was it, Johnnie . . . did you hit some one's fist or run into a door knob.

There is a notice on the bulletin board in the Staff room, and if anyone on the staff has not read it, do so in the near future . . . it will give you a good idea of what a good hint is like.

My First Auto Ride

The town was in an uproar. Everyone knew of it. Boys forgot that baseball game and men refused to work until they had seen the thing. Billboards everywhere announced:

"On the sixth day of August, nineteen hundred and three, Robert Bidwell is bringing to this town of Manchester a horseless carriage for a demonstration. The experiment will take place, in front of Packer's Blacksmith Shop."

It was morning of the great day. Men on horseback, women in carriages, flowed into town from all directions. Wise old men slowly shook their heads and declared that it could not be done. I, though one of the younger generation, was a little skeptical, too, about the contraption of which I'd heard so much. However, I was willing to be shown. My father was angry, for the day the carriage came out the price of the old mare we were trying to sell dropped twenty-five dollars.

At eleven o'clock the sidewalk in front of the smithy was crowded, even though the demonstration was not to take place until two. The shop was doing the most flourishing business it had done in its fifty-two years of existence, for the constable, Jake Peters, anxious to show his authority, would not permit anyone to loiter there unless he was doing business with him. Accordingly, everyone was getting his horse reshod.

We were lucky, however, because our house stood right next to the shop. My mother was busy most of the morning, keeping those young whippersnappers off our velvet green front lawn with a broom. Meanwhile the biscuits she had put into the oven burnt to a crisp. This angered her all the more.

Many times I went over to look out from the window of the room in which I was confined (for joining the young gentlemen on the lawn) to see if the carriage had arrived. Finally, reaching the end of endurance, I took advantage of my mother's presence in the front and slipped out the rear. After leaving the house I made my way to a favorite spot in the woods somewhat outside of the town, trying as best I could to forget the demonstration. As I was sitting there in reposeful reverie, something made me jerk to attention; it was the unsteady chugging of a gasoline engine. Dashing out to the road, I saw the queerest looking contraption I'd ever seen in my life coast to a stop about fifty yards away.

I ran down the road as fast as I could and stopped alongside it, looking at a man whose eyes were covered with celluloid circles, which I later learned were called goggles. I was startled. I thought the man was a criminal who had stolen the car. He laughed as he took off the glasses and explained that they were to keep the sand from his eyes. Then he told me that the engine had gone dead and asked me to push him.

I looked at the car. It was light, and I told him he could easily push it himself. When he assured me that he would have to be inside to steer it, and that he would give me a ride all the way into town if I pushed him I started pushing.

Scarcely had we gone fifty feet when the motor started. I waited for him to stop, but he only laughed wickedly and pulled further away from me. His happiness, however, was short-lived, for scarcely had he gone twenty yards when the engine stalled again.

Once more he besought me to push him, but I refused. He had no choice but to permit me to steer the carriage. Showing me the brake, he told me to push on it as soon as the engine started. I said nothing; I had a plan of my own.

When the car started I did not stop. On I went from one side of the road to the other. The engine coughed and sputtered but kept on going. Above its noise I could hear the man threatening, pleading, but this to no avail. It was glorious, exhilarating to ride like this.

Finally the town appeared, and the crowd in front of the shop cheered as the car came into sight. I was puzzled within myself, for in my confusion of guiding and jiggering the gas and

spark levers, I had forgotten which lever was the brake. Starting about a block from the shop, I tried each of the levers in succession.

The first one I pulled sped the car up, and I narrowly missed overturning as I rounded the corner after passing the shop. Round the block I rumbled, and as I came back a second time and whizzed past the shop, the townsfolk and my mother recognized me. She shouted dire consequences if I did not stop, but I was helpless. Meanwhile I was trying levers.

It seemed to me that I went around that block ten times. Finally the engine chugged and died about twelve feet from the shop. As I stopped the stranger in the automobile, or I should say who had been in the automobile, came dashing down the street, his goggles dangling and his tie a mess. Finding his car essentially uninjured, he was sport enough not to pursue me, and went to work to start his demonstration.

As for me, I was sent home to bed with a whipping, but to this day I think it was worth it. Don't you?

—Earl Weiss

THANKSGIVING IN ANTICIPATION

In exactly sixteen hours, twenty-six minutes and eleven seconds I'll be on my way home! Let's see . . . 230 miles at an average of forty, no, forty-five miles per hour . . . a little less than six hours, counting stops. But of course the roads are pretty slippery . . . I know it won't take more than six and a half. Boy, will I be glad to see everybody. I'll bet Mother will have a good dinner waiting for me. And the next day is Thanksgiving!

I'd better study this French or I won't pass the test tomorrow . . . Oh boy! Turkey and cranberry sauce! . . . I don't think I'll eat any breakfast tomorrow. Maybe I'd better though. I might get sick; be tough if I did . . . Why doesn't it stop snowing? If this keeps up we are liable to be snowed in . . . Je donne . . . Is that right? I've been studying this stuff for an hour. This certainly is a hard lesson he gave us. Don't see how he expects a guy to get three pages in such a short time.

I wonder if Dad will be home from work when I get there? I'll bet it's not as cold at home as it is here. Gee! Only fifteen more hours! I can sleep late Thanksgiving morning. But I guess we will go to Mass like we always do. I can come home and eat breakfast and then go back to bed . . . No studying for four whole days . . . do me good . . . being cooped up studying all the time isn't so good.

I believe I take my studies too seriously anyhow . . . Oh yes. This darn French. I give . . . je donner . . . or is it je donner? I'll have to look it up . . . Wonder if I forgot anything in my suitcase? Six shirts ought to last me four days . . . will three pairs of pants be enough? . . . Hot dog! It's stopped snowing. If the sun will come out tomorrow, everything will be okay.

Twelve and two are fourteen . . . fourteen more hours and then home! . . . Lights out? Why, is it ten o'clock already, Brother? I've been studying, and I just didn't notice the time . . . Yes brother, I was just going to bed . . . Guess I had better say and extra Hail Mary that it won't snow tomorrow.

This test is certainly hard! I studied three hours for it last night and still don't know anything . . . Translate into French . . . the little boy . . . two more hours . . . is that snow I saw coming down? Must be off the roof . . . The ice on the lake seems to be melting . . . I ought to know that word . . . studied three hours . . . there goes the bell . . . Father, I don't think I passed the test. I studied three hours for it last night, too. You surely must have given us something we haven't had . . . Well, so long Father . . . Have a nice Thanksgiving!!

Follow The FLICKERS

A Column Written To Give St. Joe Students A Few Advance Notices Concerning Motion Pictures Soon To Be Shown At Rensselaer Theatres.

At The Ritz Sunday, Dec. 5:

"Double Wedding," starring William Powell and Myrna Loy, bring Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man back again in another uproarious comedy hit. Adapted from the Ferenc Molnar continental stage success, "Great Love," this picture promises the same type of entertainment enjoyed in "Labeled Lady," another Powell-Loy vehicle which was one of the outstanding comedies of 1936.

With Powell cast as a penniless but devil-may-care artist who lives in a trailer, and Miss Loy as the owner of a fashionable New York gown shop, the laugh-padded new story describes the efforts of the heroine to prevent her younger sister from marrying Powell in favor of the man she herself has picked out for her. As may be suspected, in the end Miss Loy falls for the irresistible Mr. Powell herself.

An outstanding group of players support the stars in the amusing cross-tangle of romantic heart strings. Florence Rice plays the younger sister, and John Beal the man Miss Loy has chosen for Florence's potential husband. Others in important roles are Jessie Ralph and Edgar Kennedy. The production was directed by Richard Thorpe who last filmed "Night Must Fall."

Residents of Drexel Hall may get an angle on up to date housekeeping, as the most ultra-modern New York interiors yet seen in a motion picture are used in "Double Wedding." Fresh, contagious comedy, however, is the principle feature of the picture.

At The Palace Sunday, Dec. 5: "Lost Horizon," with Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, is truly a magnificent cinematic spectacle, having won the Blue Ribbon Award as being the best motion picture released during the month of September. A superbly photographed and highly imaginative production, it is based on the novel of the same name by James Hilton. "Lost Horizon" is the story of a phantom Tibetan city, an utopian paradise, and what befalls five people who were kidnapped and taken into this place of dreams.

Enthusiastically recommended for General Patronage by the Legion of Decency, the picture is highly acclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the land. The work of Mr. Capra in directing "Lost Horizon" is recognized as a masterpiece. Variety Magazine states that it will take its place with the best prestige pictures in the industry. It is the show that has Mr. and Mrs. Theatre-goer saying in every way possible: "Don't miss it!"

At The Ritz Wednesday Dec. 8: "Warner Oland in 'Charlie Chan on Broadway,' in which the keen Oriental sleuth finds grim mystery amid the gaiety of New York's White Way. America's greatest hobby since the advent of radio is a prominent part in the solution in this most baffling of crimes ever to confront New York's police. Chance snapshots of a hundred miniature-camera fiends at the scene of the crime provide Chan with the opening clues in his jigsaw puzzle reconstruction of a double murder.

Harold Huber, in the role of police inspector, rounds up J. Edward Bromberg, Joan Marsh, Joan Woodbury and Donald Woods, all of whom are under suspicion. A swift succession of events gives the all-perceiving Chan a complete clue-picture of the entire affair, and in a surprise climax, he unmasks the murderer.

"Charlie Chan on Broadway" is a Twentieth Century-Fox release adapted from the original story by Art Arthur.

LA VOIX FRANCAISE

Last year it was La Belle Langue. This year, under the new name, La Voix Française, the students of college French are editing a twelve-page mimeographed magazine that will appear quarterly. The first issue has a delightful collection of short essays, stories, and one poem. All of these are creditably written.

CLUBS AND ASSOCIATIONS

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A very amusing and not very serious situation developed at the last meeting of the C.L.S. For a time, however, it had members amending and reamending a constitution which, because it did not take into consideration the junior and senior college years when it was drawn up, had to have its belt let out two whole notches.

According to the constitution, the society last year had for its president, Richard Scharf, who was not a member at all. Likewise, on another occasion, it expelled from its ranks two members who were nonmembers constitutionally. What a tangle.

Father Koch, moderator, with more of logic than jurisprudence, unraveled the knotted skein by pointing out that since the constitution did not exclude juniors and seniors they were perfectly eligible for membership. To be on the safe side, however, the society went at its work of amending the article on eligibility and then amended the amendment so as to take care of dues. "Robert's Rules" are again in force.

After their business meeting the Columbians enjoyed a well-rounded program. Samuel Cartwright and Harold Gerber clashed in a debate; Peter Brickner gave a speech; George Lubely, assisted by William Kramer at the piano, sang "Elegy" by Massenet; and Lawrence Moriarty gave a dramatic selection.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

In answer to the critic's appeal for greater cooperation and more spirit in the presentation of private programs, Albert Fey and Stanley Boul staged an original skit entitled "The Mathematician."

The young playwrights made their production quite humorous by inserting local colors in the form of classroom phrases, oddities, and idiosyncrasies. In the same program Charles Gray helped to show the Newmanites that there is talent and initiative in the group when he sang "Juanita."

Previous to this most of the talented members had been hiding their light under a bushel. Now it is hoped that they will be stimulated to want to appear in public for the mutual benefit of the entire group.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

"Any unfinished business?"
"No!"
"Any new business?"
"No!"

Thus went the November gathering of the Dwengerites. One concession must be granted—the meeting was very peppy. And, too, the members were anxiously anticipating the lecture which followed. They have been enthusiastic about the speakers who have addressed them so far this year. Father Gordon and the executive committee have been very active in providing these speakers and caring for all the needs of the society.

Since the October meeting the executive committee has purchased the Paladini distinctions which will be conferred on John Koechley and Lawrence Moriarty at the December meeting.

RALEIGH CLUB

Contraction and Expansion

As an experiment the Raleigh Club a few weeks ago deserted its lounge in Science Hall and moved the furniture and fixtures of this room to the adjoining card room. The trial was so satisfactory that card and lounge room are now permanently combined. An added air of homelikeness is found in the cozy compactness of this new arrangement.

About the same time a horse and wagon rushed easy chairs and card tables to the Raleigh adherents in Drexel Hall. As yet they have no radio of their own, one belonging to Fred Teitz temporarily furnishing their music, but a radio, more easy chairs, and a billiard table will soon be added to the new club room there.

For lovers of comfort we have an advance scoop—more easy chairs, triple size, are enroute to the club room. For those who select the odor of blooming oleanders as one of their loves of scent, the plant now blooming in the south-east corner of the club is a boon.

Freshman studyhall has been moved from the second floor to the more spacious room occupied last year by the club.

CATHOLIC POETRY SOCIETY

Gathering in the Publications Office, the Catholic Poetry Society, in their meeting of Nov. 18, first discussed and decided upon procedure for their future meetings. Hereafter at each meeting a member appointed previously will read and criticize some famous poem. Following this criticism there will be open forum on all the verse submitted by members anonymously.

The society has also inaugurated the practice of inviting members of the college department to come to their meetings as guests. Guest cards will be obtainable from Dr. Paul Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S., chaplain.

Lawrence Heiman was elected secretary to serve in place of Edmund Ryan, who unwillingly handed in his resignation.

Just before the close of the meeting President Theodore Staudt gave his report to the Poetry group on the Chicago Catholic Society which he attended.

MELODY MOULDERS

Appreciated so fully at their first appearance a week earlier, the college octet stepped before the velvet curtain into the soft glow of red footlights for a second musical treat, Nov. 19. Again their theme song, "Stout Hearted Men," introduced their too-few selections. "Love's Old Sweet Song," that still cherished favorite, brought rounds of applause; "In a Little Spanish Town" made every heart beat with the air of Old Spain. The audience regretted to see Spanish castles crumble with the might of "Stout Hearted Men," as the singers concluded their musical interlude.

JUNIOR ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Junior Class (C-3) held a very short business meeting on Monday evening, Nov. 15, for the express purpose of electing its officers.

The following were chosen, by open ballot, to fill the various offices:

President — Theodore Staudt
Vice-President — Vernon Casper
Secretary — Woodford Moore
Treasurer — Harry Tippmann
As representatives of their class on the Student Council, John Koechley and Bernard Badke were elected.

Exactly five minutes after the meeting had convened, the motion for adjournment was made, there being no other new business for discussion. This class, the second College Junior Class since the school has been in existence, plans to make a niche for themselves in campus history.

TIME FOR YOUR FLANNELS, BOYS

Remember how mother used to tuck you into your jacket on that first frosty morning? You didn't like it, perhaps; you were too big a man to be bundled up so. Well, it's getting colder now, and soon snow will be flying across the prairie. You will have to dig up your own flannels this year.

Even the water tower is getting prepared. The long pipe reaching up to it needed a new covering; Peter Schumacher and Sons, Contractors, are taking care of the dressing up. Around the pipe they have built a scaffold on the principal of an elevator and have ripped the old jacket loose. Soon the pipe will be snugly tucked away again in a new jacket. The progress of the work is interesting to watch, but uninviting to go unless a person is in a hurry to take a trip to the ethereal regions in reverse. Don't forget your flannels!

St. Joe Grid Squad Hangs Up Impressive Record, Statistics Show

Intense School Spirit, Teamwork Big Factors In Cardinal Victories

Best Record In Career Of Coach DeCook

On November 13 the curtain fell on what may be considered the Cardinal and Purple's most successful football season. It was a truly progressive team, one of the most progressive in the Indiana Inter-Collegiate Football Conference. There are a number of reasons why it was so.

First of all, this development must be ascribed to the able guidance of Coach Ray DeCook and to the laudable efforts of his assistant, Brother Henry Kosalko. Coach DeCook is indeed a true disciple of Rockne, who during his college years at Notre Dame imbibed under that maker of coaches not only his techni-

the students backed the team may be considered a contributing factor for the team's unprecedented success. In every game which the Cards played at home every St. Joe man was with the players one hundred per cent; when the team traveled they received a genuinely inspiring send-off; when they returned, a thundering welcome home. Whether they won or lost, the St. Joe rooters were anything but frozen-throated boosters.

Although the Cardinals will lose five of their seasoned players through graduation, there are many reasons for believing that next year's team will be as

agree.

Harry Tippmann, Junior, Gary, Guard, (163), Called "Mouse" because he could always find a hole in the enemy line.

Thomas Anderson, Sophomore, Chicago, Center, (137), always there in spirit, waiting to be called.

William Curosh, Sophomore, Whiting, Quarterback, (134), The lightest man on the team, but what a tackler and pass receiver.

William Dine, Sophomore, St. Mary's, O., Guard, (165), We will hear more of him next year.

Paul Gillig, Sophomore, Tiffin, O., Quarterback, (165), A peppy



Top row, left to right: Coach Ray DeCook, Bernard Badke, Charles Richardson, Paul Hayden, Joseph Kennedy, Earl Petit, Owen Thuerk, Raymond Monjon, Raymond Michalewicz, Earl Miller and Thomas Richert. Second row, left to right: Brother Henry Kosalko, Norbert Dreiling, Charles Simms, Richard Cody, Robert Duax, Carroll Blackwell, Jerome Yocis, Woodford Moore, Andrew Bourdow, Joseph Raterman, Fred Jones, Richard Scharf and Father Edward Roof.

Front row, left to right: Robert Nemetz, Anthony Weber, Thomas Conley, Harry Tippmann, Frank Dreisbach, Charles Bisig, Paul Gillig, William Heiber, William Koselski, William Dine, Thomas Anderson and Burch Merritt.

THE TEAM

Andrew Bourdow, Senior, Saginaw, Mich., Tackle, (163), Not often in the game, but a powerful reserve when needed.

Norbert Dreiling, Senior, (Captain), Guard, (172), The injury jinx rode "Nubs" throughout the season, allowing him to participate in only a few games. The opponents did not mind this.

Joseph Raterman, Senior, Minister, O., Tackle, (185), Not a spectacular player by reason of position, but not a more consistent lineman on the team.

Richard Scharf, Senior, Foster, O., Halfback, (142), You all know him.

Paul Weaver, Senior, New Bavaria, O., End, (163), He was lost to the team through an injury in the first game. A great end throughout his career.

Bernard Badke, Junior, Chicago, Fullback, (185), Picked up a lot of speed and drive this year which he added to his power. A real battering ram for this and next season.

Fred Jones, Gary, Tackle, (192) He and "Big Joe" were the gigantic pillars of the Cards' defense wall. "Butch" earned a position on the third All-State team.

Woodford Moore, Junior, Rushville, Ind., Guard, (167), That he showed the old fight, all

blocker and a great backer of the line.

Joseph Kennedy, Indianapolis, Tackle, (215), Needs speed. The home-town paper credited him with one touchdown at Rose Poly.

Raymond Michalewicz, Sophomore, East Chicago, End, (173), The team's best pass snagger, and one of the best in the Conference.

John Morrison, Sophomore, Youngstown, Tackle, (193), All American end and guard - right end of bench and guard of the water bucket.

Jerome Yocis, Sophomore, Indiana Harbor, Halfback, (172), A good backfield man with speed which showed at its best in the Elmhurst game.

Carroll Blackwell, Freshman, New Haven, Ind., Halfback, (138) Alias "One-Play Blackwell." His generosity to the opponents still flavored too much of Christian charity. Give him time.

Richard Cody, Freshman, Louisville, Center, (172), Plugged up the vacancy made by the loss of Rosario Glorioso. Accuracy and pass-work made him indispensable.

Robert Conley, Freshman, Rensselaer, Guard, (165), Proved he has the makings of a tackle in the Manchester game.

Paul Hayden, Freshman, Louisville, End, (160), "The Kentucky Wonder." Looks like a natural.

William Herber, Freshman, Ft. Wayne, Tackle, (172), Better known as "Half-Minute Herber." He's determined to become "Sixty Minute."

William Kozielski, Freshman, Chicago, Guard, (150), Small but determined, and he will grow.

Raymond Monjon, Freshman,

Goodland, Indiana, Tackle, (165), Plays effectively - when he plays.

Earl Miller, Freshman, Hammond, End, (152), Good in practice, and waiting for his chance.

Earl Petit, Freshman, Cincinnati, Fullback, (186), Seldom carried the ball, but showed up brilliantly as a blocker and defense man.

Charles Richardson, Freshman, Louisville, Halfback, (155), On whom we count to fill Scharf's shoes.

Thomas Richert, Freshman, Kankakee, Halfback, (146), Given a chance, he will prove himself.

Charles Simms, Freshman, Louisville, Guard, (165), On the first string with dynamite in his charges.

Owen Thuerk, Freshman, Chicago, End, (184), A real gaint on defense.

Adelbert Weber, Freshman, Cleveland, Center, (160), Has the ability and will get a chance - if Cody breaks a leg.

Charles Bisig, Freshman, Louisville, Guard, (174), Helped increase the number on the squad.

Frank Dreisbach, Freshman, Louisville, Tackle, (160), One of those human footballs as yet.

Robert Duax, Freshman, Chicago, Halfback, (159), A real find who will develop more. He has been in the game as a regular.

ST. JOSEPH'S

12 Valparaiso 20
6 Manchester 0
13 Rose Poly 13
6 Louisville 7
55 Oakland City 0
20 Central Normal 12
13 Elmhurst 13

135 Totals 65

SEASON STATISTICS

OPPONENTS ST. JOE

65 Points 135
53 First Downs 78
943 Yardage by rushing 1,381
321 Yardage by passing 475
1,264 Total yardage 1,856
74 Passes attempted 81
28 Passes completed 33
10 Passes intercepted 9
8 Fumbles made 4
128 Penalties 290

Compiled by the Sports Department.

Indiana College Con.	All Games	Team	W	L	T	W	L	T
Butler	3	0	1	5	2	3		
DePaul	7	1	0	7	1	0		
St. Joseph's	4	1	0	4	2	1		
Ball State	5	1	1	5	2	1		
Hanover	4	2	0	5	3	0		
Earlham	2	1	2	4	1	2		
Valparaiso	4	2	0	4	4	0		
Wabash	3	2	2	3	3	2		
Franklin	3	3	1	3	4	1		
Rose Poly	2	4	0	3	4	0		
Manchester	1	3	0	4	3	0		
Central Normal	1	4	1	1	5	1		
Indiana State	1	4	0	1	7	0		
Oakland City	0	5	0	0	7	0		
Evansville	0	7	0	0	9	0		

HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL VARSITY

Pre-season Prospects

With only three of the eight lettermen of last year on the squad, Coach Ray DeCook, unperplexed, has already discovered some valuable new timber that looks promising. Because of the elimination of the center jump except at the beginning of each quarter he will need a fast team, and this year's quintet will be fast.

The first five will more than likely be composed of Harold Eder and Charles Ormsby as guards; Gerald Eder, James Meagher, and Felix Hayden, as forwards. Ormsby will probably jump center. Since Harold Eder, with his never-fail ball playing, and Ormsby are veterans, the guard positions are very well filled. Gerald Eder will have no trouble at holding one of the forward positions; James Meagher, though just a sophomore, is a letter man; and Felix Hayden, who has startled all by his long-shooting ability, offers to fill Earl Petit's shoes.

Reserve strength will lie principally in Bernard Factor, a speedy guard from St. Vincent, Akron; Lyle Latendresse and Louis Bickford, from St. Paul's, Marion.

Looking at these facts we assume that the high school will have three very fast forwards, a good hitting team from the floor, and also a very scrappy team, particularly in the Eder twins. It is expected to duplicate if not better last year's average.

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RALEIGH CLUB

CHEER RALLY MAGNIFICENT

The spacious gymnasium of St. Joseph's added greatly to the general air of high-pitched excitement that prevailed during the pep-rally held there on Friday evening, November 12. Led by those two very competent cheer leaders, Mike Moriarty and John Keely, the students of the school, from the lowliest high school freshman to the mightiest college senior, gave forth with all the power in their healthy lungs.

Stationed at one end of the gymnasium, the band was at its best, and rendered selections which did much to bolster youthful spirits. The cheering section stood at all points along the balcony rail; the cheer leaders and speakers held forth in the middle of the basketball floor. After a rousing selection by the band, that familiar cheer, "With a 'J'," was yelled out with gusto, and reverberated throughout the gym.

Following this, Father Roof, Athletic Director, said a few words, brief and to the point as is customarily his habit. He expressed hope of victory on the morrow and the wish that we get behind our team and help them to be victorious in this last game of the season, which was to mean so much to the school. A few words concerning the school spirit which has characterized the preceding games ended his talk, and he yielded the floor to the yellmen who immediately put the crowd in readiness for the next cheer.

Captain Norbert Dreiling, Richard Scharf, Joseph Raterman, Andrew Bourdow, and Paul Weaver, five seniors who were to play their final game on the gridiron for St. Joe on the following day, were given a tribute in the form of a rousing "fifteen for the seniors."

The band then played another selection, after which Coach Ray DeCook expressed his appreciation for the spirit which the students and the band have shown in backing up their team. He then gave a brief resume of our chances for victory over Elmhurst in the game which was to be played on the following afternoon, the results of which are now spoken of in the past tense. Coach DeCook told the students the exact standing of our team at that time, and also talked to them concerning the potential strength which Elmhurst possessed.

Brother Henry Kosalko, our very efficient assistant coach, was accorded recognition for his valuable services in a cheer in which no loyal rooter was silent. Once again the band took the spotlight and led the students in the fight song, which spelled "finis" to the rally. The pep meeting, which marked the closing of the 1937 football season, was not outdone by any of the previous rallies. Turning out in full force, the ever-loyal St. Joe rooters made this rally one that will long be recalled and talked of. Once again St. Joe men have given a demonstration of the school spirit which, backing up our team, makes it very, very hard to hold.

Cardinal Cagers Getting Ready

Thirty Answer Coach DeCook's Call

The familiar thump of the ball on the court, its thud on the backboard, and the satisfying swish of the net announce that the Cardinal cagers have begun practice for the opening of basketball season. When on the Monday following the Elmhurst football game, Coach DeCook called for volunteers, thirty enthusiastic lovers of the sport responded promptly. For the first few days only the freshmen were given attention, but by the end of that week they were all in the game - all who had survived the keen, judicious eye of the director.

Of the twenty-five who still hold a place on the squad, four - Badke, Michalewicz, Scharf and Yocis - are lettermen of last year; three others - Jones Kleinhenz and Moran - belonged to the reserves. In the new material, no star has been found, but Petit, who has been under DeCook's tutelage for two years in high school, and two other six footers, Monjon and Thuerk, may break into the front ranks. The rest of the boys seem to be of about equal quality, but it is too early yet to determine who will obtain berths on the team.

Already a serious handicap has developed; in practice Scharf irritated a football injury and now has his right knee in a plaster cast. Coach DeCook stated that Scharf may be out of the game until after Christmas holidays.

When the season opens, Dec. 9, the Cardinals will clash with those formidable opponents, the Uhlans of Valparaiso. Meanwhile they are practicing systematically, for they are out to emulate the record of the football varsity. They have a heavy job on their hands, as the accompanying schedule indicates.

ST JOSEPH'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 1937 - 1938

Date	Opponent	Place
Dec. 9	Valpo. U.	Valparaiso
Dec. 11	Concordia	Collegeville
Dec. 14	Cen. Nor.	Collegeville
Dec. 17	St. Viator's	Collegeville
Dec. 20	SE Teachers	Collegeville
Jan. 12	Rose Poly.	Collegeville
Jan. 15	Joliet	Joliet
Jan. 18	Anderson	Collegeville
Jan. 22	Cen. Normal	Danville
Jan. 25	Manchester	Manchester
Feb. 5	Valpo. U.	Collegeville
Feb. 8	Manchester	Collegeville
Feb. 12	Concordia	Ft. Wayne
Feb. 14	Rose Poly.	Terre Haute
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College Sophs Whip Fourth, 14-0

The college sophomores gained second place in the class-league standings by beating the high school seniors in a game played on a very slippery field in an icy rain. Their ability to handle the soaked and frozen pigskin was the deciding factor of the game, for the seniors' running and passing attacks were seemingly held in check by these adverse conditions.

Both teams displayed powerful defensive strength in the initial period, neither being able ever to start a scoring threat. Finally, a few minutes before the half the sophs broke through with an unexpected score. On a daring attempt "Ike" Kleinhenz tossed an accurate pass to Sheehan, who did a fifty-yard tight-rope act down the side line to score. A pass to Moriarty added the extra point.

During the second half the upper classmen again mixed passes effectively with straight football, and had the senior secondary completely baffled. Only the stalwart senior line prevented them from scoring more than once in this half. A long pass played the ball on the ten-yard line from which Kleinhenz carried it over and also added the extra marker on a plunge.

The seniors also attempted to pass their way into the scoring column, but this method proved more futile than running. The only effective strategy on their part was their well-executed reverse plays which were usually good for ten yards or more. Only once did they move beyond mid-field, when Foley ripped through the line and went forty yards before he was brought down.

While Staudt and Weber were topping their opponents cold, Kleinhenz's accurate passing and Sheehan's shifty running furnished the sophs with the necessary scoring punch. Kelly and Foley both played their usual good game for the seniors.

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Already He Stinketh

Did you ever hear about the three trees which stood there and there and there after the hunter had shot at a rabbit gamboling playfully beneath them? Here's a better one.

Two well-known plumbers, as skilled as the best at cutting a thread on a pipe, laid their monkey wrenches aside the other day and started monkeying with shotguns. Through meadow and corn field they tramped until they came to a woods. Creeping through the barbed wire fence, they treaded cautiously lest a twig, snapping beneath their feet, startle their intended prey into scampering away before they had time to take aim and fire.

Rabbits were not running that day. Presently they saw one crouching low in a heap of brush. He did not stir. Hunter number one raised his bombing machine and shattered the silvan stillness. Still the bunny crouched low. While he reloaded, hunter number two blasted the returning echoes of the first discharge. The last leaf fell from a tree and lighted on the cotton-tail's back. Even then he did not stir. At that the first hunter did his stunt, and did it well. He spat on his hands; he gripped his flintlock firmly; he sighted down the shiny barrel until he was sure that it pointed directly into the eye of the little beast that sat so indifferently waiting for more. Bang! thundered the firearm. As bunny's head

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New Dairy Barn Being Built

When lightning set fire to the feeding-cattle barn east of Drexel Hall during the summer the quota of vacation improvements was already so large that another could hardly be undertaken at the time. Nor was it immediately necessary, there being other shelter available for the time being.

But now that November winds are blowing and the number of stock fattening for the tables at St. Joseph's is larger, the barn is being replaced. P. Schu-

rolled off into the snow two plumbers with speed surprising bounded to the spot. They picked up a rabbit stiff and cold - dead for days.

The second hunter spent the next weekend at his home in the county seat of Allen County; the first did not go hunting.

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macher & Sons, General Contractors, of Mishawaka, Indiana, are doing the work.

The barn, 84' 2" x 84' 6" in dimensions, is being built on the foundation of the one destroyed July 14. As it will be almost forty feet from the ground to the top of the gables there will be ample room for hay and fodder in the lofts. The floor will not be stationed off individually, but will be divided into large feeding pens conveniently reached from the wide passageway through the middle. Only a week or two will be needed to complete construction.

While this is the major improvement recently in things somewhat remote from the scholastic activities of Collegeville, it is not the only one. A new roof

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